



Side One

Death On Two Legs (Dedicated to.....)

Written by Freddie Mercury

You suck my blood like a leech
You break the law and you preach
Screw my brain 'til it hurts
You've taken all my money - and you want more

Misguided old mule
With your pigheaded rules
With your narrow-minded cronies who are fools of the first division -

Death on two legs -
You're tearing me apart
Death on two legs
You never had a heart of your own -

Kill joy, bad guy,
Big talking, small fry
You're just an old barrow-boy
Have you found a new toy to replace me,
Can you face me -

But now you can kiss my ass goodbye

Feel good, are you satisfied

Do you feel like suicide (I think you should)
Is your conscience all right
Does it plague you at night
Do you feel good - feel good

Talk like a big business tycoon,
You're just a hot-air balloon,
So no one gives you a damn
You're just an overgrown school-boy
Let me tan your hide

Dog with disease,
You're the king of the 'sleaze'
Put your money where your mouth is Mr. Know-all,
Was the fin on your back part of the deal... (shark!)

Death on two legs
You're tearing me apart
Death on two legs -
you never had a heart of your own
(You never did, right from the start)

Insane, you should be put inside,
You're a sewer-rat decaying in a cesspool of pride
Should be made unemployed
Make yourself null-and-void,
Make me feel good
I feel good

Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon

Written by Freddie Mercury

I go out to work on Monday morning
Tuesday I go off to honeymoon
I'll be back again before it's time for sunny-down,
I'll be lazing on a Sunday afternoon
Bicycling on every Wednesday evening
Thursday I go waltzing to the zoo
I come from London town, I'm just an ordinary guy,
Fridays I go painting in the Louvre
I'm bound to be proposing on a Saturday night
(There he goes again)
I'll be lazing on a Sunday,
lazing on a Sunday
lazing on a Sunday afternoon

I'm In Love With My Car

Written by Roger Taylor
(Dedicated to Johnathan Harris, boy racer to the end)

The machine of a dream, such a clean machine,
With the pistons a pumpin', and the hubcaps all gleam.
When I'm holding your wheel,

All I hear is your gear,
With my hand's on your grease gun,
Oh it's like a disease son,
I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,

Get a grip on my boy racer rollbar,
Such a thrill when your radials squeal.

Told my girl I'd have to forget her,
Rather buy me a new carburettor,
So she made tracks sayin' this is the end now,
Cars don't talk back they're just four wheeled friends now,

When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear,
When I'm cruisin' in overdrive,
Don't have to listen to no run of the mill talk jive,

I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,
I'm in love with my car, string back gloves in my automolove!

Vocal - Roger Taylor

You're My Best Friend

Written by John Deacon

Ooo, you make me live
Whatever this world can give to me
It's you, you're all I see
Ooo, you make me live now honey
Ooo, you make me live

You're the best friend
that I ever had
I've been with you such a long time
You're my sunshine
And I want you to know
That my feelings are true
I really love you
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live

I've been wandering round
But I still come back to you
In rain or shine
You've stood by me girl
I'm happy, happy at home
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live
Whenever this world is cruel to me
I got you, to help me forgive
Ooo, you make me live now honey
Ooo, you make me live

You're the first one
When things turn out bad
You know I'll never be lonely
You're my only one
And I love the things
I really love the things that you do
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live

I'm happy, happy at home
You're my best friend
You're my best friend
Ooo, you make me live
You, you're my best friend

Electric Piano - John Deacon

'39

Written by Brian May

In the year of '39 assembled here the Volunteers
In the days when lands were few
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn
The sweetest sign ever seen.

And the night followed day
And the story tellers say
That the score brave souls inside
For many a lonely day sailed across the milky seas
Ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
Write your letters in the sand
For the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew

In the year of '39 came a ship in from the blue
The Volunteers came home that day
And they bring good news of a world so newly born
Though their hearts so heavily weigh
For the earth is old and grey, little darling we'll away
But my love this cannot be

For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year
Your mother's eyes from your eyes cry to me.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
Write Your letters in the sand
for the day I take your hand
in the land that our grandchildren knew

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand

For my life
Still ahead
Pity Me.

Vocal - Brian May
Double Bass - John Deacon

Sweet Lady

Written by Brian May

You call me up and treat me like a dog
You call me up and tear me up inside
You've got me on a lead
You bring me down
You shout around
You don't believe that I'm alone

Sweet lady
Sweet lady
Sweet lady... Stay sweet.

You say
"You call me up and feed me all the lines
"You call me sweet like I'm some kind of cheese
"Waiting on the shelf
"You eat me up
"You hold me down
"I'm just a fool to make you a home"

And you say
"Sweet lady
"Sweet lady... Stay sweet"

My sweet lady
Though it seems like we wait forever
Stay sweet baby
Believe and we've got everything we need.

Seaside Rendezvous

Written by Freddie Mercury

Seaside - whenever you stroll along with me
I'm merely contemplating what you feel inside
Meanwhile I ask you to be my Clementine -
You say you will if you could but can't -
I love you madly -
Let my imagination run away with you gladly -
A brand new angle - highly commendable -
Seaside Rendezvous -

I feel so romantic - can we do it again
Can we do it again sometime,
Fantastic, c'est la vie mesdames et messieurs,
And at the peak of the season,
the Mediterranean -
this time of year, it's so fashionable,
I feel like dancing - in the rain,
Can I have a volunteer -
Just keep right on dancing - what a damn jolly good idea -
It's such a jollification - as a matter of fact,
So très charmant my dear -

Underneath the moonlight -
Together we'll sail across the sea -
Reminiscing every night
Meantime - I ask you to be my valentine
You say you'd have to tell your daddy if you can
I'll be your Valentino -
We'll ride upon an omnibus and then the casino -
Get a new facial - start a sensation -

Seaside Rendezvous - so adorable,
Seaside Rendezvous -
Seaside Rendezvous -

Vocal Orchestration of Brass - Roger Taylor
Vocal Orchestration of Woodwind - Freddie Mercury

The Prophet's Song

Written by Brian May

Oh oh people of the earth
Listen to the warning
The seer he said
Beware the storm that gathers here
Listen to the wise man.

I dreamed I saw on a moonlit stair
Spreading his hands on the multitude there
A man who cried for a love gone stale
And ice cold hearts of charity bare.
I watched as fear took the old men's gaze
Hopes of the young in troubled graves
I see no day, I heard him say
So grey is the face of every mortal.

Oh oh people of the earth
Listen to the warning
The prophet he said
For soon the cold of night will fall
Summoned by your own hand.

Oh oh children of the land
Quicken to the new life
Take my hand
Fly and find the new green bough
Return like the white dove.

He told of death as a bone white haze
Taking the lost and the unloved babe
Late too late all the wretches run
These kings of beasts now counting their days.
From mother's love is the son estranged
Married his own his precious gain
The earth will shake in two will break
And death all around will be your dow'ry

Oh oh people of the earth
Listen to the warning the seer he said
For those who hear and mark my words
Listen to the good plan.

Oh oh – and two by two my human zoo
They'll be
running for to come
running for to come
out of the rain

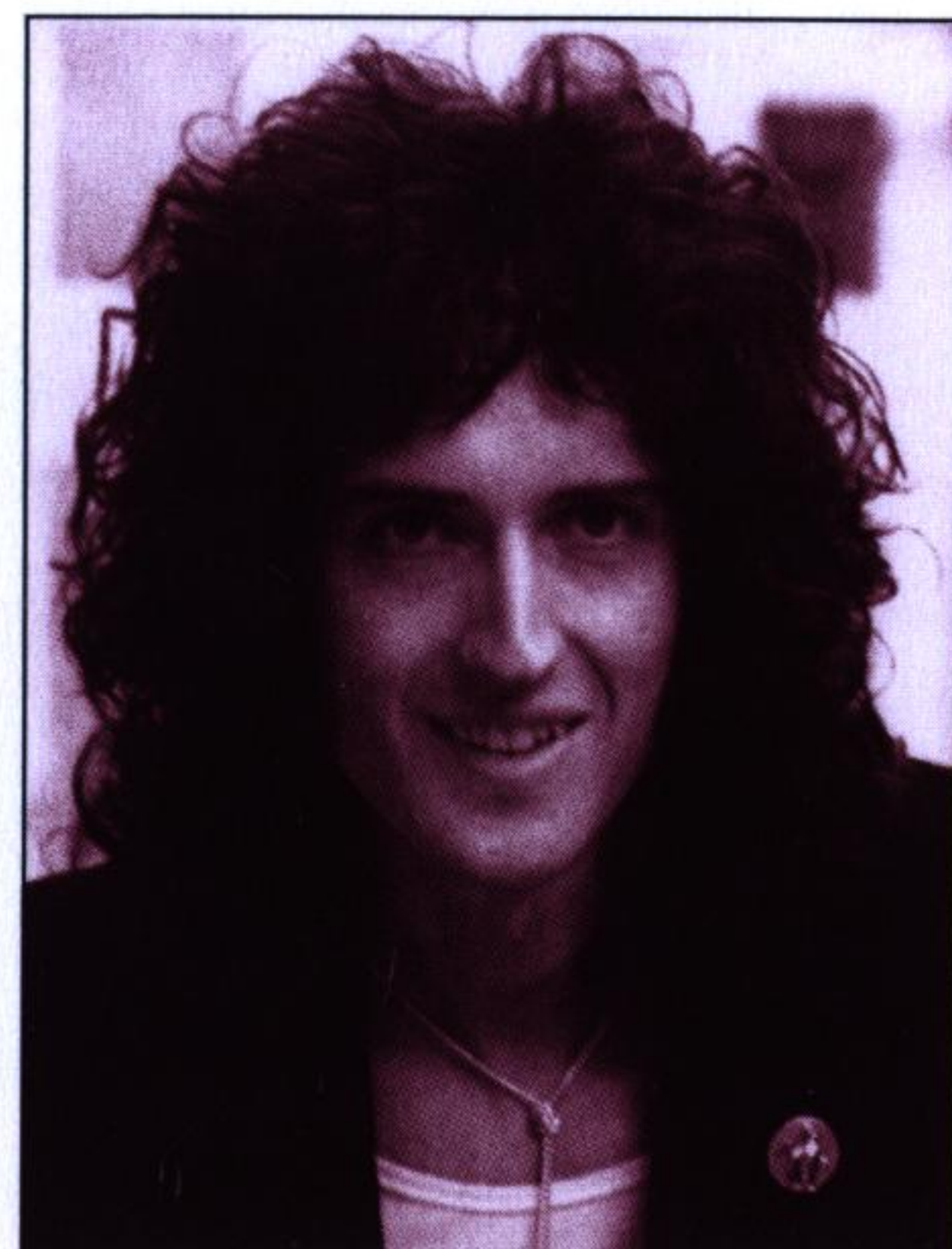
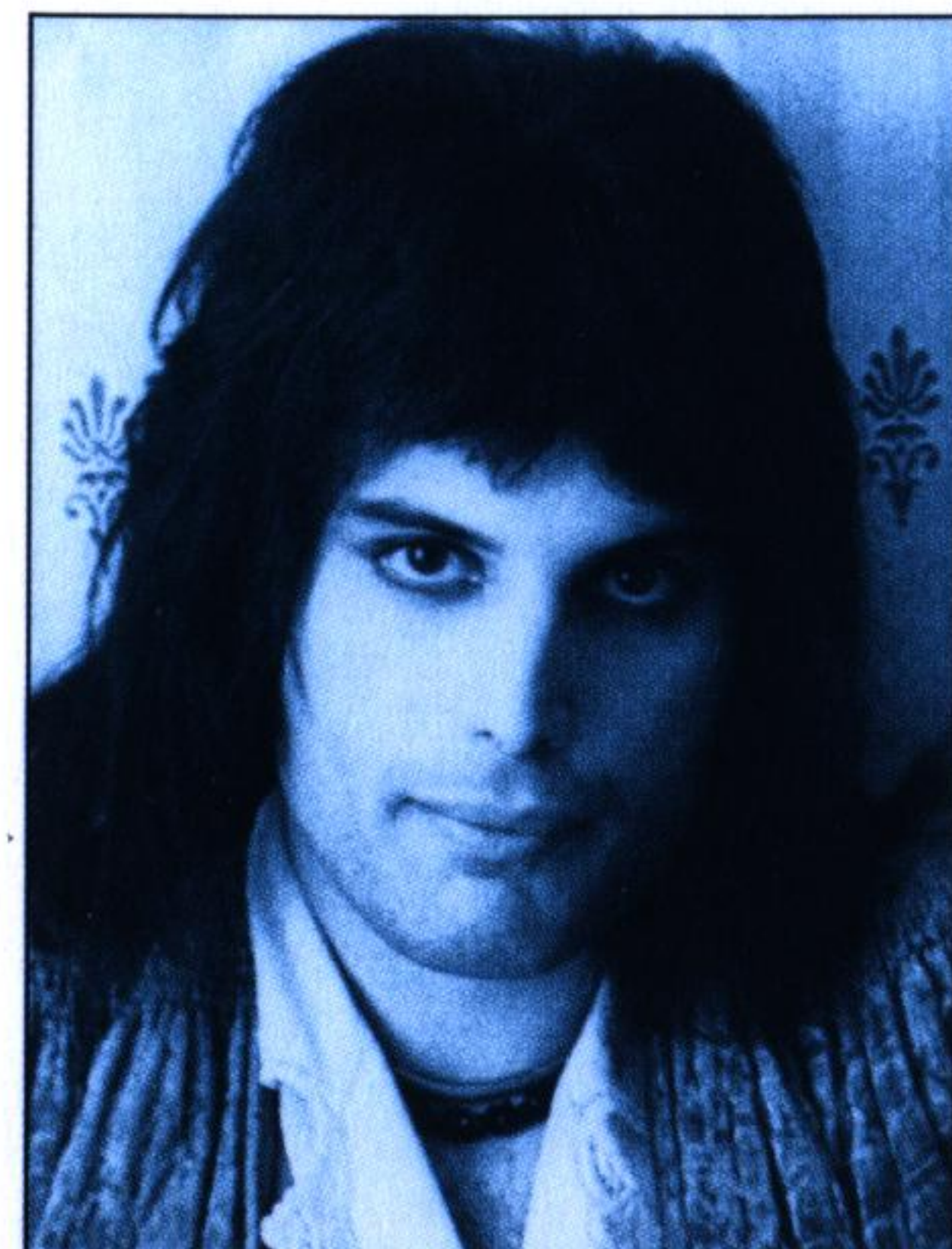
Flee for your life
Who heed me not, let all your treasure make you
Fear for your life
Deceive you not the fires of hell will take you
Should death await you.

God give you grace to purge this place
And peace all around may be your fortune.

Oh oh children of the land
Love is still the answer, take my hand
The vision fades, a voice I hear
"Listen to the Madman!"

But still I fear and still I dare not
Laugh at the Madman.

Toy Koto – Brian May



Love Of My Life

Written by Freddie Mercury

Love of my life – you've hurt me,
You've broken my heart and now you leave me,
Love of my life can't you see,
Bring it back, bring it back,
Don't take it away from me, because you don't know –
what it means to me.

Love of my life don't leave me,
You've taken my love, you now desert me,
Love of my life can't you see,
Bring it back, bring it back,
Don't take it away from me, because you don't know –
What it means to me.

You will remember –
When this is blown over
And everything's all by the way –
When I grow older
I will be there at your side to remind you
how I still love you – still love you.

Back – hurry back,
Please bring it back home to me,
because you don't know what it means to me –
Love of my life
Love of my life...

Harp – Brian May

Good Company

Written by Brian May

Take good care of what you've got
My father said to me
As he puffed his pipe and Baby B.
He dandled on his knee
Don't fool with fools who'll turn away
Keep all Good Company
Oo Hoo Oo Hoo
Take care of those you call your own
And keep Good Company.

Soon I grew and happy too
My very good friends and me
We'd play all day with Sally J.
The girl from number four
And very soon I begged her won't you
Keep me Company
Oo Hoo Oo Hoo
Come marry me for evermore we'll
Be Good Company.

Now marriage is an institution sure
My wife and I our needs and nothing more
All my friends by a year
By and by disappeared
But we're safe enough behind our door.

I flourished in my humble trade
My reputation grew
The work devoured my waking hours
But when my time was through
Reward of all my efforts my own
Limited Company

I hardly noticed Sally as we
Parted Company
All through the years in the end it appears
There was never really anyone but me

Cast
Freddie Mercury: vocals, vocals, Bechstein Debauchery and more vocals.
Brian May: guitars and orchestral backdrops.
Roger Taylor: percussion.
John Deacon: electric bass.

Recorded at Sarm, Roundhouse, Olympic,
Rockfield, Scorpio, Trident and Lansdowne
Mixed at Sarm Studios
Invaluable additional engineering - Gary Lyons
Equipment supervision - John Harris
Art Direction - David Costa
Special thanks to Rick Curtin & Brian Palmer
Management (1975) - John Reid
Current Queen Management - Jim Beach and Matilda Beach

No Synthesisers!

Original sound recordings made by Queen in 1974 - 1975

Now I'm old I puff my pipe
But no-one's there to see
I ponder on the lesson of
My life's insanity
Take care of those you call your own
And keep Good Company.

Vocals – Brian May
Genuine Aloha Ukelele (made in Japan) – Brian May
Guitar Jazz Band – Brian May

Bohemian Rhapsody

Written by Freddie Mercury

Is this the real life –
Is this just fantasy –
Caught in a landslide –
No escape from reality –
Open your eyes
Look up to the skies and see –
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy –
Because I'm easy come, easy go,
A little high, little low,
Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me,
– to me –

Mama, just killed a man,
Put a gun against his head,
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead,
Mama, life had just begun,
But now I've gone and thrown it all away –
Mama, ooo,
Didn't mean to make you cry –
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow –
Carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters –

Too late, my time has come,
Sends shivers down my spine –
Body's aching all the time,
Goodbye everybody – I've got to go –
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth –
Mama, ooo –
I don't want to die,
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all –

I see a little silhouette of a man
Scaramouche, Scaramouche – will you do the Fandango –
Thunderbolt and lightning – very very frightening me –
Galileo, Galileo,
Galileo, Galileo,
Galileo figaro – Magnifico –
I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me –
He's just a poor boy from a poor family –
Spare him his life from this monstrosity –
Easy come easy go – will you let me go –
Bismillah! No – we will not let you go – let him go –
Bismillah! We will not let you go – let him go
Bismillah! We will not let you go – let him go
Will not let you go – let me go
Will not let you go – let me go

No, no, no, no, no, no, no –
Mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go –
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me –
for me –

So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye –
So you think you can love me and leave me to die –
Oh baby – Can't do this to me baby –
Just gotta get out – just gotta get right outta here –

Nothing really matters,
Anyone can see,
Nothing really matters – nothing really matters to me,

Anyway the wind blows...

Operatic Vocals – Roger, Brian and Freddie

